The Wellesley Prelude.

VOLUME I.—No. 11.

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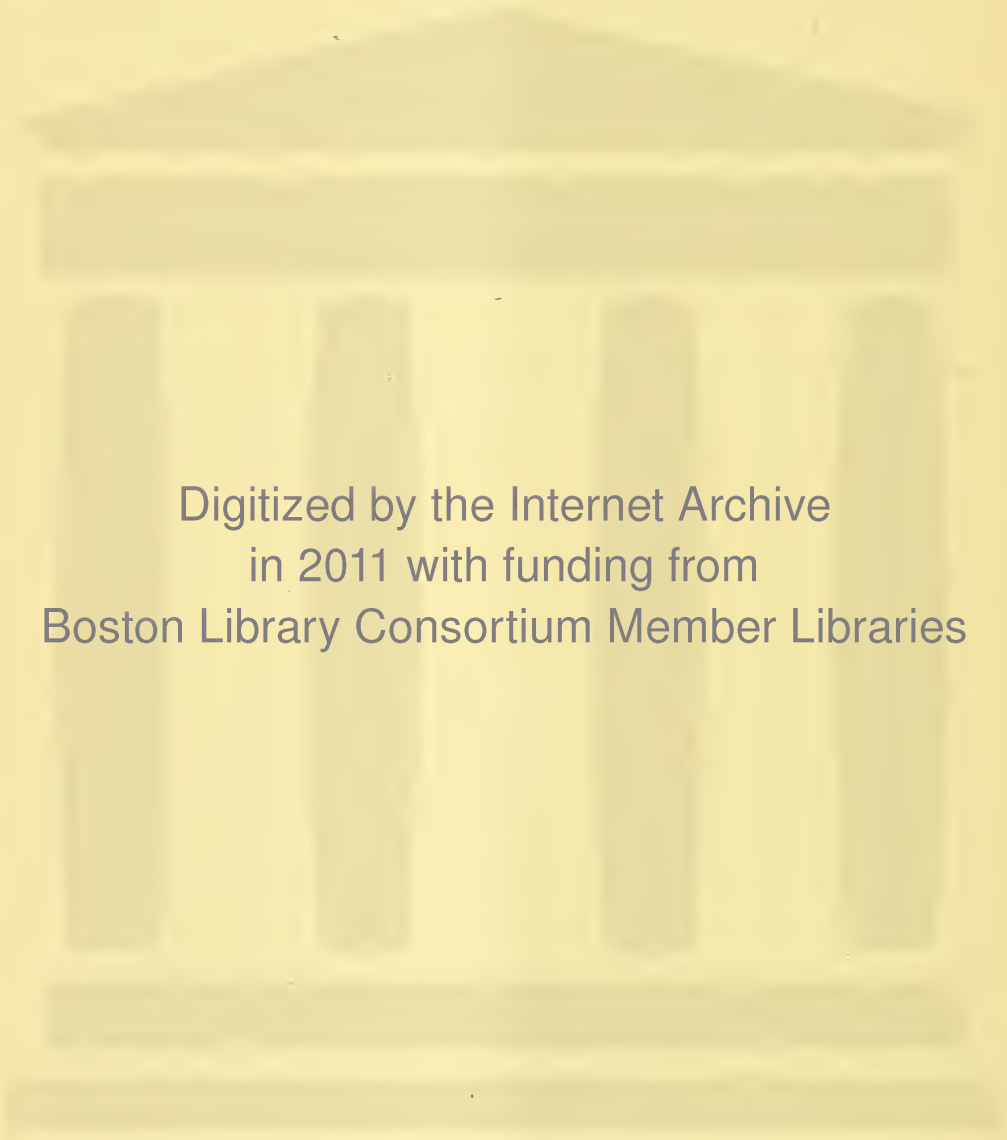

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THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

VOL. I. WELLESLEY COLLEGE, NOVEMBER 30, 1889. NO. 11

The Wellesley Prelude.

Edited by the Students of Wellesley College and published weekly during the college year. Price, $2.00 a year, in advance. Single copies, 10 cents.

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IN the midst of the enjoyments of modern civilization we sometimes long for a taste of "The Good Old Times." We would like to witness the stirring scenes of the first settlements, to experience the sense of newness and the feeling of originality which the pioneers must have had. At times, when wearied with the haste of modern Americanism, we sigh for the quiet, secure life of the later days, when the villagers worked busily, but without the feverishness of the present age, and all slept with door unbolted, such was their sense of brotherhood. We would enter with their zest into the simple pleasures of the New England youth, especially the joys of the harvest time. In our own Thanksgiving more fully than in any other custom of our modern life, do we find the satisfaction of this desire for the spirit of the olden times. We do not attach to it that immense importance which accompanied the holiday of yore: we do not witness the stupendous array of pies, immortalized in song and story; we long in vain for the sight of the stern Puritanic dame giving up her severity and dignity for the pleasures of the Thanksgiving dance; but this "King and High Priest of New England festivals" still rules with the same spirit, and the day has for us all the charm and sacredness of long established custom and sweet memories.

It still speaks the same message to us that was spoken to those first New England Thanksgivers, who ate their feast in such strange harmony with old Massasoit and his followers. And the message is not worn out by its repetition each year. Some seem never to have heard it even yet, and as long as there are fault-finders and grumblers in the world there will be need of the message "Give thanks."

It is strange how slow the world is to heed these words, when it knows very well how much happier and more agreeable it might be by doing so! But the trouble lies in the fact that ingratitude, though a quality very quickly perceived and despised in others, is often entirely unrecognized in one's self. We look upon our own complaints not as signs of ingratitude, but as reasonable dissatisfaction with a hard lot. We take our good things as a matter of course, and our small troubles as great misfortunes which we have never deserved. Before people can ever truly heed the message of our November festival they will have to look more at the sorrows of their neighbors and less at their own. We have all of us doubtless experienced a justifiable sense of shame at seeing some one bearing the heaviest of trials cheerfully, while we have been grumbling over some slight disappointment. As a part of our celebration this Thanksgiving let us open our eyes and hearts to a realization of the troubles of others; let us compare our own full, happy lives with that struggle for mere existence, called life, of the thousands all around us. Then we shall be able and willing to give thanks, and not only this, but we shall do something to make other people give thanks as well. In this way only can we do our part towards perpetuating, not the mere name, but the true spirit of the early Thanksgiving Day.

Annie M. Smith, '90.

CONTENT.

(From the Christian Union.)

Come to me like a mother, great Content,
  Come clasp me close with thy consoling arm.
Deny the toy toward which my pleadings went,
  But be thyself the sore refusal's balm.
After the restlessness of childish play
Kneel by my side at twilight as I pray.
Ay, after tears and bitter punishment
Come to me like a mother, great Content.

Just as some willful child submits at last
  To an inevitable threatened pain,
And straightway finds Love's arms around him cast
  And, unexpected, learns to smile again;
So, after long resistance, hardly pressed,
I yield me to necessity's behest
And, looking up, behold above me bent
Thy brow, as of a mother, sweet Content.

Stay with me like a mother, kind Content.
  I am afraid within the dark to lie.
Thy song be with my sobbing interblent
  Till the Great Sleep shall come to close mine eye.
Then lay me in my cradle in the ground,
And gently fold the turfy blanket round,
And till God's Angel be to wake me sent
Watch with me like a mother, still Content.

Mary Russell Bartlett, '79.

"AND A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

For some reason the rehearsal of the Mozart Orchestra was very unsatisfactory that November afternoon. No one knew the exact cause of the spiritless fiddling and the occasional discords, but the impatient little German leader grew more and more impatient as the minutes went by, and finally he threw down his baton and with a toss of his long yellow locks, murmured savagely, "Sehr schlecht." The musicians looked sadly at one another, and the mournful scraping of a 'cello, or the groan of a bass viol, alone broke the silence.

A little aside from the rest, tuning his instrument, stood a young man, the leading violinist of the orchestra. His head was bent towards his violin, his dark hair falling low over his forehead, and with quick nervous fingers he adjusted the strings. Finally he drew his bow across them; the E string snapped, and the young man, with a suspicious exclamation in French, put the fiddle in its case and turned the key on it. It was evident that when the world went wrong with Paul Eveleth it was of no use for the Mozart Orchestra to attempt to play. It was the day before Thanksgiving too, and one would have expected that the glow of thankfulness would have been apparent on the faces of some at least of these men, but Paul, the idol of the orchestra, was in one of his worst moods and the whole practice hour had been uselessly spent. The young man put on his great coat, drew the fur collar up around his ears and left the hall. He breathed a sigh of relief as he stepped forth into the chill November air. It was about six o'clock, and the short gray twilight had already faded. It was beginning to snow too, a few, great, white flakes sailing lazily down from the darkened sky.

The lights were gleaming brightly up and down the city streets, and crowds of people were hurrying along the pavements, many of them just going homeward from work and anxious to get their Thanksgiving shopping done and reach the warm fireside, before the snowstorm was fully upon them. The butchers and grocers were in a high state of exhilaration. They were selling turkeys as fast as they could put them into paper bags, and tie strings around their black and yellow legs; and rows of waiting customers stood ready to buy the bright red cranberries and the golden oranges.

Paul Eveleth walked rapidly along noticing none of these things. He hardly knew where he was going and he did not care; walk he must. It seemed as if his own tempestuous heart and headstrong will were hurrying him on to destruction, and the sooner he let them have their way with him, the sooner all would be over.

"Nuts to go with your Thanksgiving dinner, sir?" It was a boy at his elbow with chestnuts. Paul shook his head, "Thanksgiving, Thanksgiving;" he said the word over mechanically to himself. "Thankful, for what?" he smiled, a bitter smile for the face of one so young. He paused at length in front of a lighted bar-room, his hand resting irresolutely upon the door. He opened it. The room which he entered was a blaze of light, and the clink of glasses and the sound of laughter met his ear. He ordered some wine and sat down

at a table on which lay a pack of cards. A man opposite invited him to play, "To see which one of us will win his Thanksgiving dinner," he said, with a mocking laugh. Paul, hardly knowing what he did, accepted the offer, and the two played, growing excited as the game progressed. Paul finished his wine and ordered more. The bar-tender smiled and rubbed his hands, he had great respect for Paul and considered his establishment honored by his presence. The men played on, Paul's face growing hard and his lips closing firmly together over his set teeth.

While this scene was taking place inside the saloon, a very different one was being enacted just outside the door. A wee bit of a girl, with wide blue eyes and flaxen rings of hair straying through her old red hood, clasping tightly the hand of a little lad with manly brown eyes and a wealth of chestnut curls beneath his tattered cap, stood just by the entrance. The two were talking busily. The boy was just then speaking, "No, Tottie," he said emphatically, "Mamma said we must never sing in those places, let's go on a little." The tiny girl remonstrated, "No, Walph," she wailed, "Tottie tant do on. It's all bwight here, and we'll det some money for Sanskdivin, tause we haven't dot any yet, you know, tome!" and she held out her little arms to him persuasively. "No, Tottie dear, this isn't a nice place and we've got ten cents now, that will get something." "Turkey?" said the mite. "No–o, but,—" "Tottie wants turkey," she said decidedly, "and Tottie's so told; tome, bwother, sing in here; Tottie's fweezin;" and with a little sigh she wiped a tear from her eyes with the back of her small red hand. The boy considered. He, too, was cold and it was snowing harder. He remembered with a hungry longing the store windows crowded with goodies before which they had paused that day, and recalled how he had promised the little one that she should have a Thanksgiving. The vision of the rosy apples and candied grapes and tempting sweetmeats and of the juicy rounds of steak and plump chickens rose before his eyes and he yielded. "Maybe it isn't wrong, seeing as it's Thanksgiving," he said, "'cause we must get Mamma some dinner. Come on, Tottie;" and he pushed open the door.

The astonished bar-tender gazed down upon the children, "Well, I'll be—," but fortunately he didn't have a chance to finish his remark, for a coarse voiced man spoke up impatiently: "Put 'em out, Johnson, put them babies out o'here." "No," said the boy firmly, "we're going to sing to the gentlemen, Tottie and me." "To sing, for a turkey," echoed Tottie, lifting her fearless blue eyes to the man's face. Paul turned like a flash from his cards and wine. He brought his hand down upon the table with a force which made the decanters ring. "Johnson, let them sing;" he spoke quickly, and there was an ominous gleam in his dark eyes. "O, ah, certainly, Mr. Eveleth;" and Johnson retired behind the bar. The little one pushed back her hood and the gaslight fell lovingly upon the flaxen hair. The children clasped hands, and the sweet tremulous childish voices began to sing. It floated clear and pure through the fumes of wine, and above the hoarse voices. Paul heard as though in a dream, but each word seemed to strike a blow at his heavy heart. He listened.

"One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,
I'm nearer home to-day,
Than e'er I was before.
Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be,
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea."

"Nearer the great white throne,—nearer,—" he could bear it no longer, but arose, pushing cards and wine glass away from him. A bright red spot burned on either cheek. He staggered up to the bar, leaned heavily against the counter, asked for his bill and paid it, then turned to the men who by this time were all sobered down and were regarding him intently. He spoke a few words and his voice was low and husky; "Boys," he said, "to-morrow is Thanksgiving. This is no place for us. The little ones have taught me a lesson." And he took a child by each hand and left the saloon.

Thankgiving morning dawned, clear and crisp and bright. The ground was covered with the soft new-fallen snow, and it lay like a velvet mantle over the dark roofs and grim gables of the city. Way down in a narrow alley a little girl with sunny hair, and a boy with heaven's light in his brown

eyes, bent over a table laden with good things and reverently murmured: "God bless the good young man who gave us the turkey, and make him happy;" and a sweet pale-faced woman responded, "Amen."

In another part of the city, in a large and elegant church a Thanksgiving service of praise and prayer was being held. The winter sunlight poured through the stained glass windows and fell upon the white robes of the preacher and upon the kneeling congregation. Among the people knelt a young man, his head bowed low upon his clasped hands. Clear and solemn the words of the preacher sounded through the broad aisles.

"We Yield Thee unfeigned thanks and praise, as for all Thy mercies, so especially for the returns of seed-time and harvest and for crowning the year with Thy goodness in the increase of the ground, and the gathering of the fruits thereof; and we beseech Thee, give us a just sense of this great mercy, such as may appear in our lives, by an humble, holy, and obedient walking before Thee, all our days." "So let it be," responded Paul Eveleth's heart; "And a little child shall lead them." *Josepha Virginia Sweetzer, '90.*

SUGGESTION FOR A COLLEGE CRY.

The feminine voice was never made for a college cheer. A company of college girls, animated by wild enthusiasm, in their excitement make an uproar that is peculiarly deafening, but the moment they attempt to vent their emotion in a cheer, there is a curious bathos from enthusiasm to sense of failure. The cause is twofold. First, as I suggested above, 'tis the innate quality of the feminine voice, which lacks the sonorousness requisite for a good cheer. Second, the assembly, individually and collectively, feels that, in attempting to give this cheer, it is not true to its individuality, which feeling is the root of all bashfulness. The idea that we imitate college men in attempting a college "yell" may be vehemently scouted by some, but the fact remains; there is no objection to the adoption of the usages of men's colleges if these usages are as appropriate for us as for them, but this is not an instance of that kind. The college cheer is the masculine expression of enthusiasm or loyalty, put into form, artistic or otherwise, but always distinctive of its own college. We have just as much college spirit, perhaps a little more, than men, and it must be expressed. But freedom of expression is lost when the vehicle of expression is inadequate. Imagine the Walküre calling to each other in the wild delight of conflict with an attempt at a masculine cheer, instead of their wild, exquisite, lyrical cry, strong, but distinctly feminine!

Why can we not have a college cry, a yodel, instead of a cheer? With a little practice under the guidance of a starter, the result would be a thrilling success. Let the prize offered for a cheer be given for the best college cry, the most musical, easy and catching, the college glee club being judges.

A. M. N, '90.

GRATEFULNESS.

Thou that hath given so much to me;
Give one thing more, a grateful heart.
See how thy beggar works on Thee
By art.

He makes Thy gifts occasion more,
And says, if he in this be crost,
All Thou hast given him heretofore
Is lost.

But Thou didst reckon, when at first
Thy word our hearts and hands did crave,
What it would come to at the worst
To save.

Perpetual knockings at Thy door,
Tears sullying Thy transparent rooms,
Gift upon gift; much would have more,
And comes.

This notwithstanding, Thou went'st on,
And didst allow us all our noise:
Nay, thou hast made a sigh and groan
Thy joys.

Not That thou hast not still above
Much better tunes than groans can make
But that these country-airs Thy love
Did take.

Wherefore I cry, and cry again;
And in no quiet canst Thou be,
Till I a thankful heart obtain
Of Thee:

Not thankful when it pleaseth me;
As if Thy blessings had spare days:
But such a heart, whose pulse may be
Thy praise.

Herbert.

IN MEMORIAM.

ELIZABETH BYINGTON.

Elizabeth Byington passed few years upon this earth, but the influence of her pure, unselfish Christian life is something which can not be measured, and will endure long after she and those who knew her are forgotten.

Though it was but a short life, it was spent amid varied scenes and people. She was born in Eski Zagra, Bulgaria, but when she was only a year old the family came to America and her early childhood was passed in Newton, N. J. In 1874, her father and mother returned to Constantinople, taking Elizabeth with them. Here she went to different schools and here, when only thirteen, she joined the Mission Church and began her loving service to Christ. When she was fifteen, she came back to America, going to the Home for Missionaries' Children at Auburndale. From there she attended school at Dana Hall where she was graduated in '85, and the next Fallshe entered Wellesley College with the class of '89; and surely no girl ever had a more loving devotion to a class than did Elizabeth Byington to '89. She was always rather frail, but she had an unusual strength of will which carried her through a vast amount of work, and it was only after a hard struggle with herself that she was willing to give up entirely last winter, and to rest. But still a harder trial came, when she realized at last that the Wellesley course would never be finished—that she was being called to finish another course. Yet throughout the year, even to Commencement, in all her weakness and suffering, her thoughts were ever with the class; and her happy days were those which brought letters and messages from these whom she loved so dearly.

She had a fine mind, quick to discern the good and the beautiful, and eager to search out the real truth. She was not superficial in her work and did not rest satisfied with the ideas of others, but thought for herself, deeply and faithfully. In all her studies she was earnest and conscientious, but she was fondest of History and Literature and especially of poetry. Her vivid imagination and delicacy made her literary work quite remarkable, and it was the cherished dream of her life to become an author, that by her pen she might help right the wrongs which she realized were in the world. No one will ever know how hard it was for her to put aside the dream and to leave the work for other hands. Perhaps, it is, as her mother says, that the Saviour has comforted her now by giving her higher work to do. The intense, sensitive nature would have found this a very rough world sometimes, and would have been sorely wounded and disappointed —but now, it can never be.

The basis of Elizabeth Byington's moral character seemed the desire for truth. In deed, word and thought she strove to be true to her high ideal. One could not but be impressed with her purity of soul and her earnestness of purpose. To her friends she seldom talked in the trifling way so common with school girls, but of deeper, better things. Yet she was not at all a sober, serious girl. She was bright and original, keenly alive to fun, and thoroughly enjoyed the College good times. She had, too, that rare quality of enthusiasm, and threw her whole self into whatever work came to her hand, whether in the Shakespeare Society which was her great delight, or in studies, or in the Christian Association—it was always the same.

Her rich spiritual nature it is not possible to describe, its beauty could only be felt by those who knew her best. She had a devoted love for Christ, which gave her strength to bear doubt and despondency and suffering and ever united her to Him more closely. And when at the last she shrank from the thought of death, she was only comforted, she said, by the dear Lord and the promised sight of His face. The heavenly light, which fell on her so brightly, she ever reflected upon others, and her life was an inspiration which will always remain.

"Sweet as the fragrance that survives,
When martyred flowers breathe out their little lives.
Sweet as a song that once consoled our pain,
But never will be sung to us again,
Is thy remembrance. Now, the hour of rest
Has come to thee. Sleep, darling, it is best."

Alice M. Libby, '89.

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward into souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace surpassing this—
He giveth his beloved sleep.

E. B. Browning.

IN MEMORIAM.

During the year the Class of '89 has been called upon to experience sadder separations than those of last June. One for whom all her classmates expected a life of earnestness and noble influence, has been suddenly called away. Through a letter to her family her class has tried to express, however inadequately, its sympathy and its appreciation of the purity and dignity of the life of BERTHA A. GATES.

WHEREAS: It has been our Heavenly Father's wish to take to Himself our beloved member, BERTHA A. GATES.

Resolved, That, while we deeply mourn the early removal of a life full of rich promise, we rejoice in the sweetness, earnestness and sincerity of Miss Gates' Christian character, and regard the beauty and strength of this example as an heritage for her Alma Mater, an inspiration for all who knew her.

Resolved, That the members of the Art Society, of which she was an honored officer, place on record and send to her bereaved parents this expression of their heart-felt sympathy in their loss.

BERTHA A. GATES

Entered the home of Rev. and Mrs. M. A. Gates, May 12, 1868,
Entered the home above, Nov. 13, 1889.

AT HOME WITH THE LORD.

A Brother's Tribute of Love.

At home with the Lord! O thou radiant soul,
What visions of glory and service are thine!
How sweet o'er the fields of the heavenly world
Are breaking upon thee the splendors divine!

At home with the Lord, in the flush of thy youth,
In garments of light and of grace from the sky,
What rapture is thine by the fountains of life,
Where Jesus communes with his own, eye to eye.

At home with the Lord! in that circle divine,
No stranger art thou, but a child of the place;
The name of the City of God on thy brow,
The smile of the Father serene on thy face.

At home with the Lord! at the goal of thy prayer;
The shadows behind thee and light all before;
New strength for endeavor immortal and high,
New gladness that swelleth from more unto more.

At home with the Lord! O thou spirit set free,
What mysteries now may unfold to thy view!
What freights of sweet truth that before were so dim,
Stand bathed in a morning eternally new.

At home with the Lord! how the gloom is shot through
With light that is born in the bosom of Love:
Sweet voices float in o'er the hungering soul,
In accents of infinite hope, from above.

G. H. Gilbert

A FRIEND.

F. A. W. '92.

But a sigh, and a spirit has gone forth unfettered
To that dwelling eternal, unsought and unknown.
On the threshold she lingered, so faint and a mortal,
Till the Death Angel called her to journey alone.

And we search for the print of the spirit departed,
For one glimpse of the love living deep in her eyes;
Naught we see,—look for love in the hear of the mourner
Where deep bosomed in tenderness memory lies.

And we pray, as we say that her life in its living
Over lives dark and earthly shed perfume divine,
That the myrrh of lour ove in the cloud of our sadness
Oft may breathe prayers for purity over her shrine.

FOREIGN LETTER.

(*Continued.*)

From the *Jardin des Plantes* near by, our sail down the Seine carried us by the Halle aux Vins, the vast bounded warehouse for wines, the Ile St. Louis and Hôtel de Ville, Nôtre Dame with the Morgue under its shadow, the Palais de Justice and equestrian statue of Henri IV on the Ile de la Cite where Paris was first built; by the Louvre and Jardin des Tuileries, the vast Place de la concorde where Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette, Charlotte Corday, and three thousand others bowed before the "Holy Mother Guillotine" not a hundred years ago; past the Hôtel des Invalids with its great gilded dome under which Napoleon rests—on to the Palais de Trocadéro, opposite which the Tour d'Eiffel rears its unsightly form. From there we walked slowly up to the magnificent *Arc de Triomphe*, boldly outlined against the evening sky—back to our little corner in Paris—back to French history and irregular verbs. There we were left alone, to encounter many new experience of which you may hear later, while the Honolulus left for Berlin to study music and see the royal city—but of it they will themselves tell you.

It seems strange, then that on the night of the memorable fourth of September, whose dawn brought our thirteen to this great, fair city which was to crown our summer's trip with its wonders and beauties,—that the explorers who went sight-seeing returned to our cheerful little "Hotel de Famille" disappointed, discontented, dissatisfied, fairly *disgusted* with Paris. The Champs Elysées was nothing but a street, and up-hill too; you never could find the entrance you wanted to the Louvre, and when you got in the things you had marked to look at were miles apart; you had always thought the Palais Royal was one gorgeous all embracing collection of jewels, and were taken aback by those hundreds of trumpery windows around the great courtyard, each constituting a separate establishment; and the great *Bon Marché* was only a tremendous tawdry store, where the clerks *would* say: "I speak English, madam," in an expectant way, instead of answering your carefully prepared question. "I don't care what anyone says," our champion sight-seer and shopper declared in a guilty tone which tried in vain *not* to care, "I think Paris is *horrid*, and I don't want to stay here. I'm going to see the Venus de Milo and go back to Leipsic to live." After being promptly sat down on by her sisters who had slept all day, and told she'd better go back to Chicago and sit by the Lake if Paris was n't good enough for her, she magnificently consented to give the town another day's chance, and slept the sleep of the just.—But what was the trouble? Was it because we were tired and worn out and nervous? Was it that we had seen so many marvels during our twelve weeks that even Paris had no new attractions? Was it that our expectations were too high? It could not be that we had come to the city with a "conquering hero" spirit, and were crushed by our failure to take in everything at a first glance. Disciples of America and Wellesley perish the thought!

But although Paris did not seem the place to live in, it showed itself an excellent place in which to prepare to live. Those of us who wandered up and down the streets hunting for the original homes and schools and boarding houses, whose names were in our address-books, returned home at night to inspect great bargains in gowns, lovely hats, and piles of the best gloves in the world.

During the last week we were to be together, the attention was divided between the fascinating shops and the "sights" to which a traveller usually gives his time—churches, galleries, curiosities and public buildings. Notre Dame was our first French cathedral, and although we could hardly find it in our hearts to love it as we loved Durham and Ely, the time spent there was filled with solemn and earnest thoughts. It may be the language, it may be the religion which makes the English churches appeal most eloquently to us than any we have seen, or it may be the ivy and the moss and the country air. But certain it is that there, as nowhere else, is the stillness, the holiness, the sanctity which make a place into a temple of worship united to the majesty which fits it for the dwelling place of the Eternal.—But in the Sainte-Chapelle the afternoon rays of the September sun coming through the stained glass shone on us with the soft glow which belongs to the atmosphere of prayer; and if in Notre Dame some thoughts of the revolutionary horrors *would* rise in our minds, and pictures of the Goddess of Reason thrust themselves before us, this Holy Chapel at least was free from all save sacred musings. The brilliant color is a burst of glorious praise, the exquisite

details are touches of tender love, and the presence of beauty and joy banishes all sense of care and sin as the perfect proportions of the Gothic arches defy all notion of weight.

In the Louvre we spent as much time over the marbles perhaps, as anywhere. The classic Melpomene, the familiar Diana á la biche and the incomparable Venus de Milo, fit to be the mother of all humanity, took our first attention, and the Renaissance sculptures of Michael Angelo's prisoners and the Donatello's St. John began to prepare us for the study of the plastic art in Italy. The Salon Carré, almost every picture of which is familiar through engravings and photographs, was to me more worthy of its fame through the alluring, evading smile of Leonardo's "Mona Lisa" and Murillo's childish but ecstatic "Conception" than the well known but characterless St. Michael and rather tame Belle Jardinière of Raphael, or Veronese's vast and showy canvasses. Indeed, the more modern pictures which explain the reaction of French Art from the classicism of David to the naturalism of Gericault, and the evolution of the materialistic school known as "Modern French Art" are to many more interesting than any study of the remote past, because of their bearing on living questions. From Gros' scenes from Napoleon's life and Delaroche's Hémicycle (Goupil's engraving of which hangs in our college parlor) to Bouguereau and his fellow artists now lecturing in the Ecole des Beaux Arts and Julian Art School, there is so much to give one an insight into French characteristics, aims and sympathies that we found ourselves giving more time to the *Salle des Sept Cheminées* and the *Luxembourg*, and leaving the Italian masters of the Salon Carré until we should be in their own land.

During those perfect Fall days we had some pleasant drives to the Bois de Boulogne and through the shaded boulevards, a sail on the Seine and walks in the pretty Parc Monceau. But our days together drew all the more rapidly to a close for the many plans we crowded into them, and the morning of the 10th saw Miss Dieno depart bright and early with six of our thirteen, while the other six—three Honolulus and three H's—stood on the curb-stone waving their farewells and feeling very forsaken. The same day we three who were to remain in Paris for the winter took up our abode in a French family and began to accustom our ears to the jingle of French which made our heads ring for the first week. The Honolulus arranged a visit to the Gobelin tapestry manufactory before their departure, and we six had a pleasant drive together across the bright, beautiful city to the distant out of the way spot where the royal tapes, tries have been woven ever since Louis le Grand founded the establishment and placed in the main hall his likeness in high red heels and white *perruque*, done in the finest silk. The designs of most of the pictures remind us of Watteau, with their pink flowers and pretty, silly faces—but the work is always a marvellous evidence of skill and industry, and the science of the art is interesting, if its ideal power lacks somewhat. The rings, in which geometrical and conventional designs prevail, seems to me the most suitable objects for the exercise of an art which must always lack life and genius-but serves the purpose of decoration.

Agnes Sinclair Holbrook, '90.

HYMN.

In ages long foretold,
Israel beloved of old,
A chosen few,
Out of an alien land,
At a Divine command,
Followed a guiding hand
To pastures new.

From lands of shorter suns
Yet may his chosen ones
God's power show forth;
He who could Israel bring
Forth from her wandering,
Guided a falcon's wing
Out of the North.

Shine, Light of truth sublime!
Shine, Light that conquers time,
O'er buried days!
So shall thy waneless flame
In every age the same
To endless ages claim
Our ceaseless praise.

O Thou who rul'st the spheres,
With whom a thousand years
Are as a day!
To them the storied page,
To us their heritage,
To Thee in every age
Glory alway!

WELLESLEY COLLEGE,
All Saints' Day, 1889.

Louise Manning Hodgkins.

Oh! do not let us wait to be just or pitiful or demonstrative towards those we love until they or we are struck down by illness or threatened with death! Life is short, and we have never too much time for gladening the hearts of those who are travelling the dark journey with us. Oh, be swift to love, make haste to be kind. *Amiel.*

THE WEEK.

On Wednesday, Nov. 20, Dr. Calkins held the undivided attention of his audience while he spoke to them of one of the most eloquent preachers in the history of the church. In the sixth century the letters of one called John aroused such enthusiasm that all the Christian churches arose and called him the man of the golden mouth, or Chrysostom. Chrysostom was born in Antioch, in 347 A. D. His father was a military officer and his mother was a well-educated, devoted Christian woman. After his baptism, for which he prepared himself for three years, he was appointed lecter in the church. From reading the Scripture he gradually came to comment on what he read and in this way he discovered that he was a born preacher. After the death of his mother he spent six years in a monastery. The last two years were spent in a dungeon in severe ascetic torture which broke down his health. He returned to Antioch and for seventeen years in this city of 100,000 inhabitants he was absolute monarch of the multitude. At this point Dr. Calkins gave a glowing account of the wonderful power and influence of Chrysostom's preaching. In 377, Chrysostom was called to Constantinople, at that time under the sway of Arcadius and his wife Eudoxia who was a veritable Lady Macbeth. Chrysostom did not flinch to declare the truth boldly before Eudoxia and consequently soon aroused her anger. He was banished, but only for three days, for an earthquake so frightened the people that they demanded him to be recalled immediately. Soon after some one reported to Eudoxia that Chrysostom had said, "Again Herodias is raging, again Herodias is dancing and again she is demanding the head of John." This time Chrysostom was banished to Mt. Taurus and never again returned to Constantinople. We have two hundred and forty-two letters which he wrote during this exile and they are more eloquent, if possible, than his sermons. These letters touch upon almost every imaginable subject and some of them are very good missionary letters. Chrysostom spent his last days on the shore of the eastern extremity of the Black Sea. He died very peacefully and his last words were a doxology.

* * *

The old Art Room, on the fifth floor, was formally opened for social purposes by the Specials, Saturday evening, Nov. 23. The girls present had spent some little time in investigating the possibilities of the room and admiring the new curtains, which had been purchased for the Specials' alcove, when they were mystified by the appearance of about twenty figures draped in white and perfectly disguised. They were soon informed that this collection of rare and curious specimens had been secured for the occasion with great care, and would now be auctioned off to the highest bidders. The auctioneers, Misses Stewart, Thorn and Anna McCague, had selected these pieces with a special view to the class of buyers they expected to serve, therefore they were all desirable. A "cutting machine," warranted to furnish good and valid excuses for "cutting" chapel, recitations, and prolonging the Thanksgiving recess, excited very lively bidding. One of the most useful articles offered for sale, was a new system for the tabulation of history note-books. This was the result of a great deal of "Special" study and commanded an extravagant price. A College dinner was offered, but while it was capable of being produced in various forms if not at first satisfactory, it failed to arouse much enthusiasm. Attention was called to a "Manly" specimen, but time forbade a rhetorical analysis of it. The surplus fund in the treasury of the Specials was brought forward, but its slim, lifeless appearance rather prejudiced buyers and very little could be gotten for it. One of the best specimens to be sold was a room-mate, on which a patent had just been secured. This specimen was warranted to retire at nine o'clock, kept a good supply of buttons and pins, was of an uncommunicative disposition, and had a brother that visited her three times a week. This rarity produced very spirited bidding and was sold for an enormous price. After the auction was completed and the girls had paid down beans for their purchases, they hastened to enjoy the prizes they had won, and spent the remaining time in conversation and dancing.

* * *

Those who were fortunate enough to be Norumbega Seniors or members of the College Glee Club had a delightful excursion last Thursday, Nov. 21. This little relief from College duties was the result of an invitation from Prof. Horsford to attend a "Special Meeting of the President and Council of the American Geographical Society," held in the Town Hall of Watertown. We were furthermore invited to assist in the exercises by singing a hymn composed for the occasion by Miss Hodgkins. We rode to the station in the big barge, the associations connected with which would alone have made us joyful. From Newton we took the horse-cars; two were necessary to hold us all, and even then many were obliged to take the "harmonic poise" or fall into their neighbors' laps

We reached the Town Hall at noon and were welcomed by Mrs. Palmer, who received each one of us with a cordial hand-shake. The occasion of the meeting was the completion of a tower erected to the Norseman by Prof. Horsford. The main feature of the exercises was his sketch of the discovery of Norumbega, an ancient city built by the Norsemen about 1000 A. D. The programme was varied by a song rendered by a Scandinavian choir, several Swedish songs by Madame Zéla, and the hymn sung by the College Glee Club to the tune of "America." After the exercises were over, we started to get a lunch, for we had had nothing to eat since breakfast, which had been a memory for seven hours. A loaf of bread in the window of a confectioner's store attracted us but it was a false sign, and as ice-cream and cake could not satisfy a hungry member of the Faculty or student, we resolved to try elsewhere. At another place pie was all that could be offered us, so we bravely tried again. At last we found a restaurant, where coffee, bread and butter were the attractions. We filed into a small, close room, containing one long table, a smaller one, several chairs, and a step-ladder. The proprietress of this establishment was taken by surprise and hardly knew how to accommodate so many. The supply of chairs and cups was inadequate to the party, but who would mind such a trifle? The opinions were varied as to the beverage given us, some maintaining that it was coffee, and others, that it was tea; but all agreed that it was hot, which was the thing most desired. After partaking of this royal feast, the enjoyment of which was greatly increased by a box of sweet crackers, brought from Wellesley, we went to the confectioner's store for some dessert. The accommodations there were better, but as all could not be waited on at once, we had another lesson in patience. After being separated on the train, we all met again on the barge, where we sang college songs, appropriately closing with "Alma Mater." Thus ended a very pleasant trip, for which we are greatly indebted to Prof. Horsford.

* * *

On Monday evening, Nov. 25, we had the pleasure of listening to a lecture given by Dr. Amelia B. Edwards, who is well-known as an Egyptologist and traveller, as well as one of the most scholarly women in the world. The distinguished lady was introduced by President Shafer who gave the subject of the lecture as "Explorations in Egypt." Miss Edwards then rose to address one of the largest and most enthusiastic audiences ever assembled in our chapel. In introducing her subject Miss Edwards stated that the society which she represents is not a body of tomb-searchers, but that it is an organization made for the purpose of historical research. An interesting account was given of the explorations now in progress, of the mounds at the delta of the Nile. In explaining the formation of the mounds, Miss Edwards said the cities were probably buried by the crumbling away of mud huts. Year after year new huts were built on top of the old ruins until finally the cities were completely covered. In support of this explanation, we find the huts at the present day built of similar materials and we also find them crumbling into dust, while we have from the History of Herodotus an account of a temple which he saw half-buried. Miss Edwards said that according to the prevalent idea anyone could conduct an Egyptian exploration, but from her explanation as to what an explorer should be, we were led to conclude as she said, that "an explorer is born and not made, and the only wonder is that he is born at all." The vivid description of the mounds and works of art discovered, was made more interesting by the aid of stereopticon views. Among them were pictures of vases of pure Egyptian art upon which the lotus pattern, known as the honeysuckle pattern, were traced. This the Greeks used later in their decorative art, thus proving that the Greeks adapted the designs of the Egyptians to their own art. There was a handle of a vase shown which is known to belong to Pharaoh's service of gold plate, also a decorated plate with a small hole through one side which must have been made while the plate was hardening, showing it was not meant for use, but was probably hung as an ornament upon the wall, just as plates are now used in decoration. The pictures found on the sarcophagi were particularly interesting. These pictures were buried with the mummies and although all of them were more or less marred, the coloring is said to be fine. On most of them marks could be seen which showed that a brush and not a palette-knife had been used in the production of them. One remarkable thing in regard to the portraits was their wonderful modernness of appearance, and throughout the lecture the idea was brought ont that the ancient Egyptians were not very different in appearance and customs from the people of the nineteenth century.

* * *

On Sunday, Nov. 24, Episcopal service was conducted by Rev. R. H. Howe, of Longwood. His subject was the enrichment of human life through our Lord Jesus Christ, from the text 1 Cor. 1 : 45.

COLLEGE NOTES.

THOSE sly Freshman! They were so determined not to be hazed at their first class meeting. They took every precaution—perhaps they had need to—and successfully excluded the smooth-tongued Sophomore ambassadors who in vain protested that their intentions were peaceful. Alas! of what avail was it? Too late they learned that '92 was establishing a precedent and had for once spoken the truth. However, the news was broken to them gently by ingenious '92 and an enormous bunch of snowy chrysanthemums restored peace and amicability—amicability that is the sign and symbol of the good feeling which throughout all time, is to be felt between Wellesley Sophomore and Freshman classes. It might also be added that the Sophomore president has gained a new title in honor of the great event. It is president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Freshman.

ON Saturday evening, in response to a hearty invitation from Misses Mabel Godfrey and Genevieve Stuart, twenty-four couples of stalwart knights and bonny ladies attended a charming German, given in the gymnasium. It was strictly informal and not a glove was seen. The stern sex was distinguished from the fair by perhaps an inch or so difference in height and a tiny tinted rosette. During the evening many expressions of admiration were heard for the novelty and beauty of the figures. The kneeling knight, the serpentine dance, the bridge and the chariot race received especial remark. Just when the dance was at its height, a figure was called in which each one favored his own partner. In the daintily folded tissues of the favors were found still more daintily folded sandwiches, which were eaten amidst a generous flow of wit, laughter and lemonade. The German closed with the gay gavotte and the hostesses received many expressions of pleasure mingled with the good-nights.

An entertainment for the benefit of the Chapel Fund will be given in the College chapel, Monday evening, Dec. 2. The entertainment will consist chiefly of a series of tableaux, given by young ladies from the New England Conservatory of Music. The tableaux consist of studies, plastiques, groups and scenes from romance, history, mythology, and parable. The action is instantaneous and takes place in full view of the audience, no curtain being used. The entertainment comes to us highly recommended, and those who have seen it testify to the grace and beauty which are exhibited in the various attitudes taken. Music will be furnished by members of the College.

AULD ACQUAINTANCE.

MISS Julia A. Ellis, '84, is teaching at Dennysville, Me.

MISS M. Blanche Whitlock is teaching in Miss Patton's School at Allendale, N. J., and not at Cleveland, O., as stated in a previous column.

DR. Alice T. Hall, '81, is associated with the new Woman's College of Baltimore, as Professor of Physical Training and Hygiene, Lecturer on Human Anatomy and Physiology and Director of the Gymnasium.

MRS. Mary Harriman Severance, '85, gave a pleasant afternoon reception, Nov. 10, at her home in St. Paul, to the Wellesley girls now living in that city and Minneapolis. Sixteen or more were present, among whom were Misses Annie E. Hill, May Roberts, Clara White, Gertrude Stevens, Hester Pollock, Jessie Van Vliet and Grace Marsh.

MARRIED.

WALLACE–CUNNINGHAM.—At New Castle, Penn., Nov. 21, Caroline Cunningham, student at Dana Hall, '82-'84, to Robert A. Wallace, M. D.

POLK–HURLOCK.—At Church Hill, Md., Nov. 26, Annie Hurlock, student at Wellesley, '85-'87, to Alexander M. Polk, M. D.

BROWN–BARKER.—At McConnelsville, O., Nov. 28, Fanny Wilkin Barker, student at Dana Hall, '83-'84, to John Edwin Brown, M. D.

NEW POSITIONS.

Mrs. Edwina Chadwick, B. A., '80, St. Mary's School, Faribault, Minn.

Mary E. Coe, Institute, Guilford, Conn.

Maud A. Dodge, B. A., '88, High School, Worcester, Mass.

Carrie L. Emerson, B. S., '89, St Mary's, Memphis, Tenn.

Lovisa B. Gere, B. A., '89, Preceptress of Academy, Afton, N. Y.

Ella L. Hatch, B. S., '89, High School, Hudson, Wis.

Alice M. Haynes, State Normal School, New Britain, Conn.

Mary B. Henderson, B. A., Wooster University, (Graduate course at Wellesley, '88-'89,) Classical Academy, Hull, Ia.

Jessie L. Holmes, B. S., Drury College, (Graduate course at Wellesley, '88-'89,) Primary School of the New West Educational Commission, Lehi, Utah.

Sarah V. Lowther, B. A., '88, Assistant in High School, Stamford, Conn.

INTERCOLLEGIATE NEWS.

There are five hundred and five students in the Law School, Michigan University.

Harvard has decided to withdraw unconditionally from the foot ball league.

Amherst College receives a silver medal for her exhibition at the Paris Exposition.

Lehigh Univsrsity has introduced a course in Architecture leading to the degree of B. S.—*Ex.*

One hundred and sixty acres of land has recently been added to the Princeton College property.

President Eliot, of Harvard, favored the condensing of the present four years' course within three years at the New England College Conference.—*Ex.*

$25,000 has been given for the endowment of a chair in Hygiene aud Physical Culture in the University of Pennsylvania.

The astronomical department at Vassar is now connected with the New England Meteorological Society and sends regular monthly reports to Cambridge.

Hereafter Amherst men must make up conditions before the first Saturday of the fall term or be rated as specials in the catalogue.

University of Wisconsin.—A number of Sophomores have been expelled for hazing. Co-education at this institution has proved a failure. The ladies' department has been discontinued this year.—*Ex.*

When it was announced at the English University of Cambridge that women would henceforth be admitted to the university examinations, the students turned out in a body to cheer Miss Helen Gladstone and the incoming young women students.—*Ex.*

Johns Hopkins.—The University opened a hospital in Baltimore last May, costing $2,500,000 and consisting of seventeen buildings. Professor H. A. Rowland has been elected a member of the Royal Scientific Society of London. He is the third person in this country to be thus honored.

The salaries of college professors in America are generally conceded to be ample if not extravagant. Glance at this: "The chairs of the Edinburgh medical faculty are each worth $17,000 a year. The professorships at Glasgow in Greek, Latin and mathematics are each worth $9,000 annually."—*Ex.*

During a recent examination of law students for admission to the Allegheny County (Pa.) Bar, one of the questions was: "Name twelve animals found in the Polar regions." One of the students made ninety per cent. by the answer: "six walruses and six Polar bears."

WABAN RIPPLES.

Some Interpreter Needed.

A Junior, who was going up to visit some of his Wellesley friends, slipped a French Dictionary into his valise by way of precaution. He says that within six hours after his arrival he went to a book store and traded it off for a "Vocabulary of Slang."—*Yale Record.*

The Reason Why.

Yale Junior: Yes, I like Booth better than Barrett myself. Barrett slings too many lugs.

Mystified Wellesley Sophomore: I beg your pardon, I don't think I quite understand——

Y. J. Puts on too much side, you know.

Wellesley Soph. (thirsting for knowledge): Puts on what?

Y. J. (pityingly): Why, too many frills!

Difference in Degree.

There's nothing new under the sun, they say,
In fish, or in fowl, or flesh——
But he who'll run up to the college to-day
Will find there is much that is fresh.—*Life.*

Baccalaureate.

A group of Seniors thoughtful
This word did much dispute
"How did its present meaning
Come from its ancient root?"
Then out spoke '90's V. P.
To quiet those who strove.
"Why that was named from Bacchus,
The little god of love."—*F. D, '91.*

A Sleepless Senior awoke her room-mate with the following conundrum, "Why was Balaam's ass particularly like a woman?"

The sleepy room mate gave it up, when the answer was given in cheerfully exultant tones. "Because she can not see danger in the way without remonstrating with the driver."

Lucid. Our college steward, driving to South Natick to consult the priest concerning a servant who is ill, meets a pedestrian, and, inquiring the way, is given the following directions:

"Well, mum, if ye'll sit right sthill and niver move at all and go sthraight ahid ye'll find his house about two mile up town."

Committee Woman: Miss A. will run the refreshments, Miss B. will run the decorations, and Miss C. will run the reception of guests. What would you like to run, Miss D?

Miss D. (impressively): I would like to run away.

The Forgotten Past.

Student (apologetically, after struggling in vain to reply to a question from the instructor): We have recited on that point before, I think.

OUR OUTLOOK.

Mrs. Ormiston Chant was recently invited by Spurgeon to preach from his pulpit.

The Royal Humane Society has lately presented awards to four women for saving life.

Mrs. Millicent Garrett Fawcett is delivering a course of lectures on elementary political economy at Queen's College, London.

Prof. Dewey, State Librarian of New York, in his speech on "Literary Progress in America" at the Librarian's Congress, gave the highest testimony to the ability of the women librarians of America.

Mrs. John Sherwood received July 14, from the French Minister of Public Instruction, the olive wreath and violet ribbon of the Academie Francaise. This decoration is the highest literary honor given by the French Academy and is now for the first time bestowed upon an American woman.

The *New Orleans Picayune* tells us that in New Orleans more than in any other city women are engaged in occupations unusual to the sex. Here are to be found women editors, merchants, florists, dairy farmers and manufacturers in great number, all earning good sums of money.

The Cape Cod *Item* says: "Schooner *Maud B. Witherell* recently arrived at Provincetown manned entirely by women, with the exception of the captain, who speaks in the highest terms of the discipline and efficiency of the crew. The vessel is no small boat, but a schooner of 107 tons burden.

The Athenæum describes as "the most interesting English poetess now living" a native of Canada, "the cultivated daughter of an Indian chief—a young lady, who, though she bears the English name of Pauline Johnson, is of a famous Indian family, the Mohawks of Brantford—that splendid race to whose unswerving loyalty during two centuries not only Canada, but the entire British nation owes a debt that can never be repaid."

One may be sure that if the women of America take an interest in securing the World's Fair the scheme will not fail through want of support. Wherever the fair is held, whether in Chicago, New York or Washington, its Woman's Department may be made a most interesting feature, if it is fairly illustrative of the work of the women of America. Such advance has been made, even since the centennial celebration at Philadelphia, that the products of woman's work should make a display not only interesting but valuable. It is to be hoped that instead of a preponderance of crazy quilts and tidies, there will be a display of woman's work in education, literature and art, and that her success in making bread may be shown as well as her ingenuity in preparing designs for healthful and fashionable clothing. Let a Woman's Department be favored by all means by meetings at Chicago and by organizations in all parts of the country.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

The Contemporary Review for November opens with an article on the French elections, the author taking the ground that the Republicans have gained a brilliant victory, although he admits that the Conservatists and Boulangists are someway inclined to suppose the honors of the battle theirs.—Mrs. Reaney writes earnestly and ably, though the feminine note in her argument is perhaps a little too shrill, upon "Slave Driving by Public Companies." She has reference to the inhumanly long hours and many hardships endured by the railway, train and 'bus men of England, and, while placing some hope in a general strike, and some in municipal control, urges as an immediate measure, parliamentary interference, limiting the hours of daily labor to ten.—Clement Scott, too, speaks for the people, pleading for the reform, instead of the abolishment, of music halls in particular, and public amusements in general.—Under title of "The Old Missionary" we have the first half of a quiet, but interesting narrative, dealing with English life in India.—The inaugural address of Principal Fairbairn, at the opening of Mansfield Coilege, is given in full. Peculiar significance attaches to this new theological school at Oxford, from the fact that the ministry it especially aims to promote is that of the Congregational churches, whose members, up to the present generation, were not admitted to the university.—The Dean of Wells has a thoughtful word to say respecting "Christianity and Socialism," and there are other articles of value.

In the *Popular Science Monthly for November*, the first place is given to an article by Mr. Edward Atkinson on "The Art of Cooking." The author claims that modern cooking stoves are wasteful and unsuitable for use. On an apparatus of his invention, food may be properly cooked over an ordinary kerosene lamp, which is, at the same time, used for lighting the room.—An address on "Old and New Methods in Zoölogy," delivered by M. H. de L. Duthiers before the French Association for the Advancement of Science, shows the progress made in this study since the days of Linnaeus.—"The Decadence of Farming" is an argument against protection as the cause of the decadence.—"Sensitive Flames and Sound Shadows," by Prof. Le Conte Stevens, gives an account of experiments confirming the truth of the wave theory of sound.—Prof. Stoller's short article on "Conditions affecting the Reproductive Power in Animals," and Mr. Kirk on the question, "Is the Human Body a Storage Battery?" abound in interest.—"Responsibility in Mental Disease," by Sir James-Crichton Brown, discusses the test of insanity accepted in courts of law, and the value of expert testimony in establishing the existence and nature of lunacy.—In "The Lucayan Indians," Prof. Brooks tells the story of Spanish savagery in the Bahamas, and gives the results of his anthropological studies in these islands.—All interested in the cultivation of the voice should read Sir Morell Mackenzie's paper on "Speech and Song," of which Part 1, "Speech" appears in this number

BOOK REVIEWS.

Scripture Studies on the Origin and Destiny of Man. By Anne Eugenia Morgan, M. A., Professor of Moral Philosophy in Wellesley College. Boston and New York: Leach, Shewell, and Sanborn. This book is in two parts, the first of which presents the constitution of the Kingdom of Heaven, and the second its administration. In it, is presented a picture of God, as he is revealed to us in the Bible. This is accomplished, not by setting up certain propositions and adducing texts to establish them,—such a view would necessarily be but one-sided and partial; but, on the contrary, the great central truth and teaching of all Scripture, God's Fatherhood, is reduced to the form of a proposition and under it are grouped a few of the most forcible texts, which have led to its adoption. Each text adds something to the value of the whole; no text is used simply to multiply evidence, but because it gives some new meaning or illuminates another side of the subject. In every part, the vital unity between God and man is clearly kept before the reader. Each main topic is established by the sub-topics and all its parts taken together form a wonderfully perfect unity, to which no part is wanting and from which nothing can be taken away. The most precious and vital truths of the Word of God are here arranged in such a way as to be easily accessible, but the book requires attentive and thoughtful study for its appreciation, and such study will be repaid by a truer conception of God and the high calling wherewith He has called us.

Outlines of Bible Study. A four-year course for Schools and Colleges. By G. M. Steele, D. D., Principle of Wesleyan Academy, Wilbraham. Boston and New York: Leach, Shewell, and Sanborn. In his circular and preface, Mr. Steele proposes to supply by the publication of his "Outlines" a felt want which has arisen from the changing view of modern educators in regard to the study of the Bible. He says: "One of the most gratifying of the religious signs of our times is the increased interest in the study of the Bible as a text-book in our schools and colleges. It has not been really studied—studied systematically and scientifically—as Plato and Homer and Cicero, as Shakespeare and Chaucer are studied. It is marvelous that it should not only have been put in a subordinate position, but have been entirely excluded from any Educational System. The palpable inconsistency of a system of professedly Christian Education from which all training in the sacred books of Christianity is excluded, or to which at most not one-tenth as much attention is paid as to the classic heathen mythologies has been long apparent.—That a student of our American schools should become at least as well acquainted with the sources of our religion as they are required to do with those of ancient heathen nations would seem to be self-evident. How much more, not only when a large majority of our citizens recognize it to be the true religion, but when it is made the basis of our civilization, and is implied and involved in our whole national life!" Sir William Jones, a learned man, and master of all the great literatures of the world said: "I cannot refrain from adding that the collection of tracts, which we call from their excellence the Scriptures, contain—independently of their divine origin—more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, purer morality, more important history, and finer strains of both poetry and eloquence than could be collected within the same compass from all other books that have ever been composed in any age or any idiom." The "Outlines" are designed as guides and suggestions of methods, giving a fair general knowledge of the character and contents of the Scriptures, using the Bible only as a text-book. They are arranged, much like the Wellesley College course, for a four-year course of study,—the first two years being devoted to a study of Hebrew history, with brief outlines of the poetic and prophetic books added; the third year, to the Life of Christ as contained in the Gospels; the fourth, to the Apostolic Church. It is suggested that it may be more profitable for some students to take up the Life of Christ immediately after the conclusion of the Hebrew history, and return to the poetic and prophetic books later. The author aims to teach the historical portions as other history is taught, according to the best modern methods, the poetic and prophetic books somewhat after modern methods of teaching literature; "always remembering that the Scriptures are from God, and are the foundation of religious faith and the basis of religious practice." A carefully selected list of reference books, and several good maps are among the minor excellences of the book.

NEW BOOKS IN THE COLLEGE LIBRARY.

(*Continued.*)

Structure and Classification of Insects. By A. J. Ebell.

Delle opere di Dante, vol. 2. By Adolfo Bartoli.

University Algebra, By E. Olney.

Method of Study in Social Science. By W. T. Harris.

Synopsis of N. A. Lichens, vol. 2. By E. Tuckerman.

Reynard the Fox. (English Scholar's Library.)

Outline of History of North American Colonies. By A. B. Hart.

Geschichte der Deutschen Sprache, vol. 13. By Herman Paul and W. Braune.

Lehrbuch der Anorganischen Chemie. By Ludwig Weughöffer.

Hans Holbein. By R. N. Wornum.

Hans Memlinc. By W. H. J. Neale.

Titian Gallery.

French Pictures. By Leo de Colange.

Studies after Five Paintings by Raphael. Notes by T. B. Emeric-David.

Gems of the Dresden Gallery.

Portraits to Illustrate Granger's History of England.

Baronial Halls of England, vol. 1 and 2. By S. C. Hall.

Prophets of Israel. By W. R. Smith.

Miraculous Element in the Gospels. A. B. Bruce.

Plato's Dialogues, vols. 1, 2, 3, and 4. Translated by B. Jowett.

Isaiah of Jerusalem. By Matthew Arnold.

Lectures on Bacteria. By Anton de Bary. Translated by E. F. Garnsey.

Modern Painters, vols. 1 to 9. By J. Ruskin.

"MY STORY OF THE WAR."

The book of the Nineteenth century is Mrs Mary A. Livermore's famous book, "My Story of the War." In this new and superbly illustrated work, the world famous Mary A. Livermore narrates her personal work and experiences as a hospital and field nurse during the war of the rebellion. We do not know when 700 pages have given us more genuine pleasure. Mrs. Livermore spent four years as a nurse in hospitals, camps, at the front, and on the battle-field, and these four years were packed with pathos, glory and sacrifice probably never paralleled in the life of any other woman. Her narrative presents a vivid inner picture of the womanly side of the war, more especially of her own work and thrilling experiences, with many pathetic and humorous incidents portraying the lights and shadows of hospital life. These are described as only an eye-witness and a tender-hearted woman could describe them.

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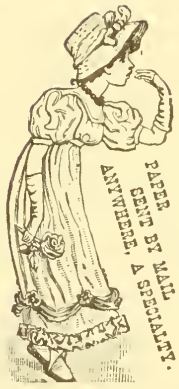

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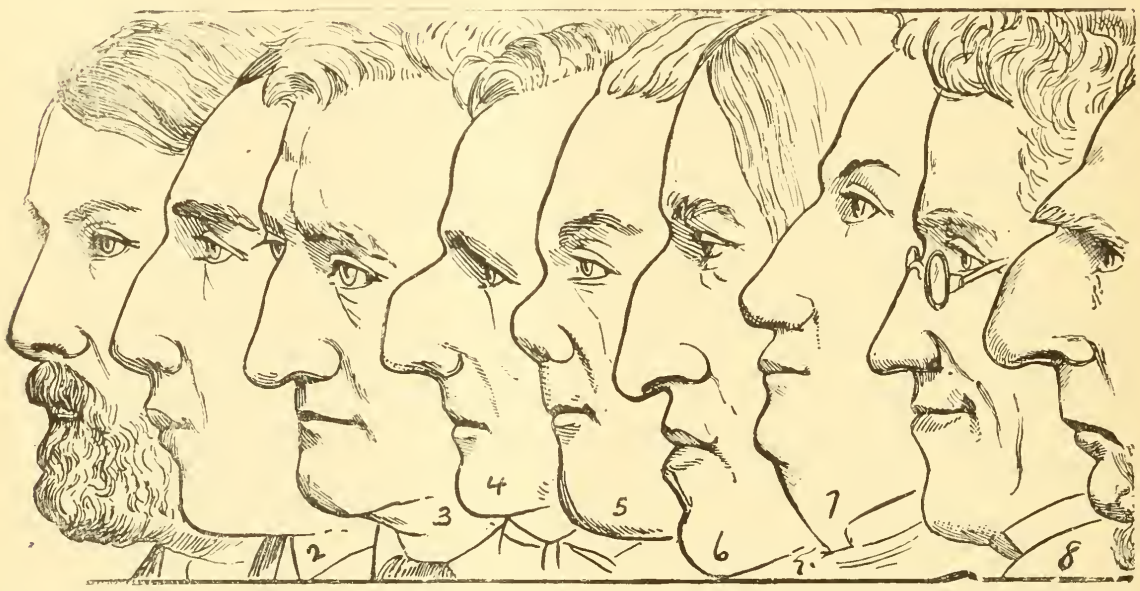

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